

Tales of the Mysterious Traveler

TALES OF THE

MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

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№ 5

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION





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Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy

I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in 10
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
HARD-HITTING
MUSCLES!

John Sill
NOW

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU?

that 125 lb. - 6 ft.

CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

Yes! You still can win \$100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes. If you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my chemp movie-star build MY MIGHTY ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!



John Sill
before



JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. WEAKLING
LOOK at him NOW.
A MOVIE STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as YOU
can be
soon

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 100
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

How to Build
A MIGHTY
CHEST
How to Build
MIGHTY
ARMS
How to Build
MIGHTY
LEGS
How to Build
A MIGHTY
BACK
How to Build
A MIGHTY
GRIP

FREE
PHOTO BOOK
HOW
to Achieve
Hercules of Steel,
Muscles of Iron
How to BECOME A
MIGHTY HE-MAN

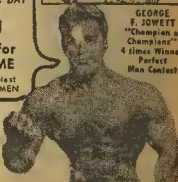
GEORGE
F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
Just mail NOW the FREE
coupon below as I did.
Soon YOU can add
7 inches to your CHEST
3½ inches to EACH
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give YOU

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your OLD SKELETON FRAME
says George F. Jowett World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
are; if you're a teen-ager, to your 20's
or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or
what work you do. All I want is JUST 10
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD
I turned myself from a wreck to
a Champion of Champions.



BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. CH-79

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"James Corcoran
presented to
World for
Building
All-around
HE-MEN"
—F. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Dip 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—How all in one
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
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YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR
ARMS. Your CHEST depended. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-
American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one soli-
tary cent.

Develop YOUR \$20 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I
have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"
the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS. DOL-
LARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like
MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES

TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

Volume 1, Number 6

DECEMBER, 1957

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Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



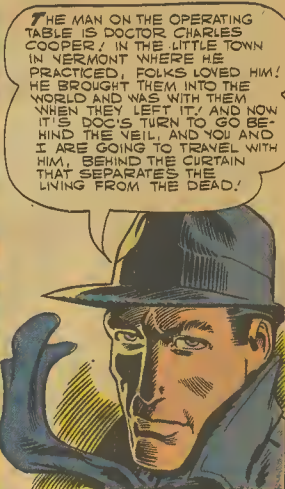
THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Pat Masulli Executive Editor

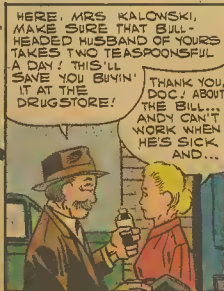
WHEN OLD DOC DIED



S2560



Steve Ditko



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

DOC WAS ALWAYS BRUSQUE, CROCHETY, AND HE WAS ALWAYS STARTING A FIGHT WITH SOME-ONE...



ANOTHER CASE OF INTESTINAL BACTERIA! I TELL YOU, MARY, I'M GOIN' TO RAISE THE ROOF IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE ABOUT WATER POLLUTION IN THIS TOWN...



DOC, YOU LOOK TIRED! WHY DON'T YOU REST AND...

WITH THAT ROOM OUT THERE FILLED WITH PATIENTS, POOR FOLK WHO'VE GOT MISERY AND PAIN AN' COME TO ME FOR RELIEF? I SAW THEM THROUGH THE WINDOW! BRING THEM IN, MARY!



THAT WAS DOC COOPER! ON THE GO FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT! AND SOMETIMES FAR INTO THE NIGHT! AND THERE WAS NOTHING DOC LIKED BETTER THAN HIS WORK! TO HIM HIS WORK, MEDICINE, HEALING, WAS NOT JUST A JOB, IT WAS A WAY OF LIFE...



SAY AHH! WIDER!

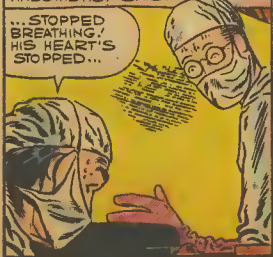


BUT DOC WAS GETTING OLD. STILL WHEN ANYONE SUGGESTED THAT HE RETIRE AND TAKE IT EASY, DOC WOULD EXPLODE...

RETIRE? I'D RATHER DIE! I LIVE FOR MY WORK! WHAT ELSE IS THERE IN LIFE FOR ME?



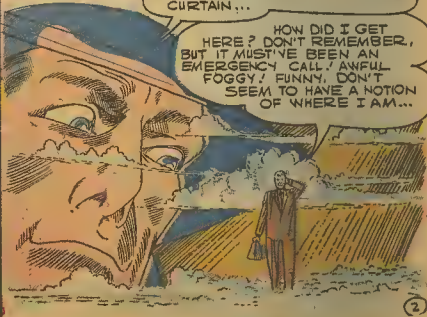
THEN, ONE DAY DOC COLLAPSED! HE WAS TAKEN TO A BIG CITY HOSPITAL FOR EMERGENCY SURGERY AND WHILE HE WAS ON THE OPERATING TABLE THE ANESTHETIST SAID...



... STOPPED BREATHING! HIS HEART'S STOPPED...

AND DOC PASSED THROUGH THE CURTAIN...

HOW DID I GET HERE? DON'T REMEMBER, BUT IT MUST'VE BEEN AN EMERGENCY CALL! ANWFUL FOGGY! FUNNY, DON'T SEEM TO HAVE A NOTION OF WHERE I AM...

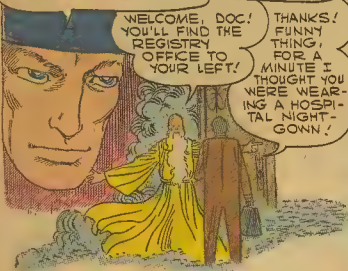


Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

SUDDENLY THE FOG OPENED UP AND A SOFT LIGHT SHED ITS RADIANCE ON DOC... AND THEN DOC KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND WHERE HE WAS ...

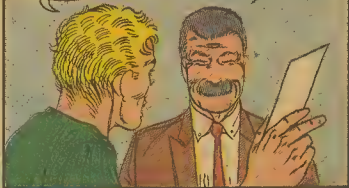
WELCOME, DOC! YOU'LL FIND THE REGISTRY OFFICE TO YOUR LEFT!

THANKS! FUNNY THING, FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WERE WEARING A HOSPITAL NIGHT-GOWN!



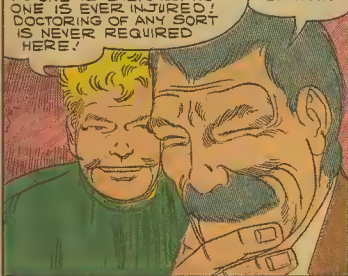
WELCOME, DOCTOR COOPER. I HAVE YOUR CARD AND EVERYTHING IN ORDER. NOW, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO? WE WANT YOU TO BE ABSOLUTELY HAPPY.

WELL, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T CONTINUE DOWN. WHAT I'VE ALWAYS DONE. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN HAPPY DOIN' MY JOB. I'LL OPEN UP AN OFFICE, MAYBE A CLINIC...



I'M SORRY, DOCTOR, THAT'S THE ONE THING WE HAVE NO USE FOR HERE! YOU SEE, NO ONE IS EVER ILL, NO ONE IS EVER INJURED! DOCTORING OF ANY SORT IS NEVER REQUIRED HERE.

HMMPPHHH! NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!



TAKE YOUR PICK OF THESE HOUSES, SETTLE DOWN FOR ANWHILE, THINK THINGS OVER, THEN WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE CHAT!



BUT DOC WASN'T HAPPY UNLESS HE WAS WORKING! HE BECAME IRRITABLE... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE HE FELT USELESS AND FOR A MAN LIKE DOC THAT WAS TRAGEDY!

NO SICKNESS, NO ONE HURT, NO USE FOR A DOCTOR! WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS ANYWAY? HUMPH, GUESS I SHOULDN'T THINK THINGS LIKE THAT-- BUT I CAN'T HELP IT!



SAY, WHERE DOES THAT ROAD LEAD TO?

DOWNSTAIRS, DOC, ALL THE WAY DOWN!





Draw Me

**YOU MAY WIN A \$375.00 SCHOLARSHIP
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PRIZE: A complete art course—free training for a career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning—plus a professional drawing outfit and a series of valuable art textbooks.

THERE'S A BIG DEMAND FOR TRAINED ARTISTS. Try for this free art course! You're coached, individually, by artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Many of its graduates are now well-paid artists. Enter contest today!

DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD

5 inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for November 1957 contest must be received by November 30. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing **today!**



**USE 1 COUPON.
THEN PASS THIS PAGE
ON TO A FRIEND**



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500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____

Address _____ City _____

Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Phone _____

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500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
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3 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9607

500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____

Address _____ City _____

Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Occupation _____ Phone _____

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

SUDDENLY, DOC KNEW THE SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEM! HE HURRIED BACK TO THE CLERK...



YOU WANT ME TO BE HAPPY? ALL RIGHT, I'VE FOUND THE WAY! I WANT AN OLD FLIVVER, MY MEDICAL BAG AND... A PASS THROUGH THE BACK GATE.'



BUT... YOU CAN'T GO THERE! YOU BELONG HERE...

SON, I BELONG WHEREVER THERE'S HUMAN SUFFERING! I'VE GOT TO GO ON WITH MY WORK, EVEN IF IT MEANS GOING ELSEWHERE TO DO SO.'



DOC WAS A PERSUASIVE MAN! THE BACK GATES OPENED FOR HIM AND HE BUMPED DOWN THAT RUTTED ROAD TOWARD DARKNESS FOR HERE HE COULD CONTINUE HIS WORK... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HE'D CROSSED OVER, DOC WAS HAPPY...

HOLD IT, DOC! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE, YOU DON'T BELONG HERE!

THE DEVIL I DON'T! STAND ASIDE, MISTER, I CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF MISERY AND PAIN BEYOND THAT GATE AND THAT'S WHERE I BELONG!



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, DOC HAD LOGIC ON HIS SIDE! HE BLUSTERED AND CUSSED AND IN THE END THEY LET HIM IN...

DOC, WE'VE BEEN SENT BY THE BOSS! PLEASE GO, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT...

THIS PLACE'LL DO! NOW I WANT YOU FELLOWS TO SEND ME A FEW IMPS TO CLEAN THIS PLACE!



ALL AROUND, THE NEWS TRAVELLED, AND THEY CAME TO HIM, THE POOR SOULS SICK AND HURT...

THAT'S A BAD BURN! HMM... THIS REMINDS ME WHEN I HAD AN OFFICE IN A MINING TOWN... BURNS, CRUSHED BONES, LUNG SICKNESS FROM INHALING BAD PUMES... NEXT!



HE WAS CONSTANTLY WORKING, NIGHT AND DAY, AND HE HAD BECOME THE DESPAIR OF THE OFFICIALS...

I TELL YOU, HENRIETTA, IF THEY DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE CONTAMINATION OF THAT RIVER STYX, I'M GOIN' TO RAISE...



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

THEN ONE DAY,
A DELEGATION OF
OFFICIALS CAME
TO VISIT DOC...



EVER SINCE YOU
CAME HERE, DOC,
YOU'VE BEEN A
NUISANCE! YOU
CAN'T SEEM TO
UNDERSTAND
THESE FOLKS
ARE HERE TO
BE PUNISHED...



NOW LOOK
HERE...
THIS PUN-
ISHMENT
STUFF CAN
GO TOO FAR!
EVERY ONE'S
ENTITLED TO
A DOCTOR'S
CARE...

WELL, DOC... I'M HAPPY
TO TELL YOU THAT
THERE'S BEEN A
MISTAKE! YOU'VE
GOT TO GO BACK
TO LIFE! YOU
DIDN'T DIE!



BUT... BUT
I'M JUST
GETTING
THINGS
REGULATED
HERE! WANT-
ED TO DO SOME
RESEARCH ON
BRIMSTONE
FUMES!

DOC AWAKENED
IN A NICE, WHITE
BED IN A HOSPI-
TAL ROOM...



... AND WHEN YOU STOPPED
BREATHING I WENT IN, DOC,
AND MASSAGED YOUR HEART!
WE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER,
BUT SUDDENLY YOU STARTED
TO BREATHE AGAIN AND...
YOU GAVE US QUITE
A SCARE!



DOC, Y'KNOW, YOU ACTUALLY DIED!
I WOULDN'T ASK THIS QUESTION
OF A LAYMAN, BUT YOU'RE A
DOCTOR, TRAINED TO OBSERVE!
DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING
THAT COULD HAVE
HAPPENED DURING
THOSE FEW MO-
MENTS WHEN
YOU WERE
DEAD?



YES, I CAN
REMEMBER
EVERY-
THING!

YOU DO? WHAT...
WHAT WAS IT
'LIKE?'



DOC SMILED AS HIS
THOUGHTS, HIS MEMORY
RACED DOWN, DOWN TO THE
DARKNESS,
THE ETERNAL FLAMES...
AND HE MURMURED...



IT... IT WAS
LIKE HEAVEN!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



**MYSTERIOUS
TRAVELER**

Mister EYRIMAN



TELEVISION HAS CHANGED THE SKYLINE OF THE WORLD. LIKE SORCERY, PICTURES, PEOPLE, VOICES, APPEAR OUT OF THE VERY AIR AT THE TURN OF A DIAL. YES, THE SKYLINE HAS CHANGED, AND THE PEOPLE? HAS THE MAGIC OF TELEVISION CHANGED THEM TOO? WE SHALL SEE, IN THIS, AS STRANGE A TALE AS WAS EVER TOLD.

52565

LET US PEEK INTO A HOUSE WHERE PEOPLE LIVE, RELAXING BEFORE THEIR TELEVISION SET...

...IS MELOPSITTACUS UNDULATUS, COMMONLY CALLED THE GREEN GRASS PARAKEET OR BUDGERIGAR. THEIR NATIVE HABITAT IS AUSTRALIA AND WERE INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND IN 1840 BY A MAN NAMED GOULD.

CORRECT! ABSOLUTELY CORRECT! MISTER COURTNEY, YOU NOW HAVE SIXTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. WILL YOU TRY FOR THIRTY TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS?



Steve Ditko



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



I'LL BET
YOU COULDN'T'VE
ANSWERED
THAT
QUESTION,
PA!

SHUT UP! I'M
NO WALKING
BOOK OF
KNOWLEDGE!

NOW MEET JACK
HOYT! HE IS
WORKING FOR
A T.V. POLLING
COMPANY
WHOSE JOB
IS THE
AUDIENCE
APPEAL RATING
OF T.V. SHOWS..



SOMETHING IS
STIRRING IN THE
BACK OF THAT
BRILLIANT MIND
OF JACK'S!

THIS FEELING I'VE BECOME
CONSCIOUS OF LATELY
AMONGST THE PEOPLE I
QUESTION, IT'S UNREST,
FRUSTRATION, BUT WHY?
MAYBE IT'S JUST MY
IMAGINATION, IF THERE
WAS SOMETHING I COULD
GET MY TEETH INTO...
SOME KIND OF PROOF...

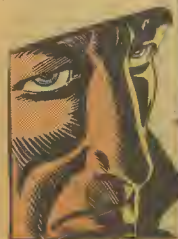
MATHEMATICS DON'T LIE! I'LL CHECK
ALL MY DATA, CHART WHAT I FIND
AND AT LEAST PROVE TO MYSELF
WHETHER I'M RIGHT
OR WRONG.



JACK BURNED
THE MIDNIGHT
OIL! NEATLY,
PRECISELY, HE
CHARTED HIS
DATA...



IT ADDS UP! MILLIONS OF TV VIEW-
ERS FEELING UNREST, FRUSTA-
TION, ANGER, WATCHING ALL THE
GIVEAWAY PROGRAMS, SEEING
PEOPLE ANSWER QUESTIONS
THEY CAN'T ANSWER! I WONDER
IF THERE ARE ANY OTHER MANI-
FESTATIONS THAT CAN BE COR-
RELATED WITH THIS DATA?



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

ALERT, WATCHFUL, HE BEGAN TO COLLECT NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ABOUT SMALL THINGS, ITEMS THAT SEEMED TO MEAN NOTHING...



SMALL, SUBTLE BUT INCREASING! SENSELESS ARGUMENTS, SENSELESS CRIMES, STRIKES, ALL THIS JACK ANALYZED, CORRELATED, CHARTED...



THIS IS AMAZING! THE WHOLE WORLD IS IN A FOMENT OF UNREST, READY FOR A LEADER TO COME ALONG, A HITLER, A MUSSOLINI, ONE SPARK TO BEGIN A CONFLAGRATION THAT, IN THIS NUCLEAR AGE, COULD WIPE OUT MANKIND, OR SET HIM BACK TO SAVAGERY!



AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE QUIZ AND GIVE-AWAY SHOWS! MAN IS, AS AN INDIVIDUAL, LOSING HIS MOST IMPORTANT AND PRECIOUS CHARACTERISTIC -- HIS CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF! MORE AND MORE SETS BEING SOLD, MORE AND MORE QUIZ SHOWS ON THE AIR, AND MORE AND MORE VIEWERS PITTING THEIR OWN KNOWLEDGE AGAINST THAT OF THE CONTESTANTS...



...AND FAILING! IT MUST STOP! I'LL SHOWN THE CHARTS TO MR. SIMMS! EVERY NETWORK MUST KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!



JACK WENT TO HIS BOSS, MISTER SIMMS! HE EXPLAINED WHAT WAS HAPPENING! MR. SIMMS LISTENED, AND THOUGHT JACK WAS...



...CRAZY! LISTEN, HOYT, YOU'D BETTER FORGET THIS WHOLE THING! I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE PEOPLE IN THE TRADE SAY I HAVE LUNATICS WORKING FOR ME! NOW GET OUT!

BUT...BUT MR. SIMMS...



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

CAN'T THEY SEE? PEOPLE ARE SULLEN, FRUSTRATED, THEY NEVER LAUGH ANY MORE! THE HUMAN MIND HAS UNMEASURED POWER! WHAT IT IS CAPABLE OF AT A TIME LIKE THIS IS FRIGHTENING! BUT WHO WILL BELIEVE ME?



WHA ... THEY'RE LAUGHING! THEY- THEY SEEM RELAXED!



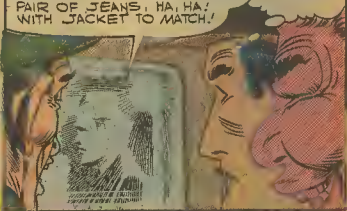
WHAT PROGRAM ARE YOU WATCHING?

THE BIG QUIZ SHOW! THIS NEW CONTESTANT, HOMER EYRIMAN IS TERRIFIC! EVERY TIME HE LOOKS DOWN THAT BIG NOSE OF HIS AND ANSWERS A TOUGH QUESTION LIKE IT WAS THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD!



HOMOZYGOUS IS THE MATCHING OF GENE PAIRS FOR LIKE CHARACTERISTICS. HETEROZYGOUS IS WHEN TWO UNLIKE GENES PAIR IN GENETIC COMBINATION! AND BY ANSWERING THIS QUESTION CORRECTLY I GUESS I'LL GET TO BUY MYSELF A NEW PAIR OF JEANS. HA, HA! WITH JACKET TO MATCH!

HOMER EYRIMAN! THIS IS AMAZING! BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE A BIG NOSE!



JACK WAS PUZZLED! HE HURRIED HOME AND TURNED ON HIS TV SET...

I'M SORRY, OUR TIME IS UP!

OH, THAT'S TOO BAD! MISTER EYRIMAN, WILL YOU COME BACK AND TRY FOR THE TAKE IT ALL PRIZE?



WELL, I GUESS SO! I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO TRY...

ORDINARY GUY! SEEMS A BIT CONFUSED, USES CORNY JOKES!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, AT THAT MOMENT, PEOPLE SAT BACK AND RELAXED IN FRONT OF THEIR TV SETS...

OH, MR. SIMMS...

HOYT, GET ONTO THE 'TAKE IT ALL' SHOW IMMEDIATELY! THIS NEW CONTESTANT, HOMER EVRIMAN, IS SENSATIONAL! I WANT A POLL ON THAT SHOW BY TOMORROW!



SO JACK BEGAN A SPOT CHECK CENSUS TO ESTABLISH THE RATING OF THE SHOW...

WHAT SHOW?

THE 'TAKE IT ALL' SHOW OF COURSE! I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD! THAT LITTLE GUY, MR. EVRIMAN, IS TERRIFIC!



...TAKE-IT-ALL' SHOW! WHAT ELSE? ME AND MY FAMILY WOULDN'T MISS THAT BIG GUY, HOMER EVRIMAN FOR NOTHIN'! EVERY TIME HE GIGGLES, THAT FAT BELLY OF HIS JOGGLES...



...AN' I LIKE TO SEE A POWERFUL GUY LIKE HIM MAKE MONKEYS OF THE BIG BRAINS! MOST FOLKS THINK IF A GUY'S GOT MUSCLES HE'S A DOPE...



JACK WAS PUZZLED! IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE...



EVERYONE DESCRIBES HIM DIFFERENTLY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT'S AS THOUGH EVERYBODY SAW A DIFFERENT PERSON...



AND HE WENT TO HIS CORRELATIONS, HIS CHARTS, HIS DATA, AND FOUND AN AMAZING CHANGE!



UNBELIEVABLE! SINCE HOMER EVRIMAN APPEARED ON THE AIR, UNREST IS DISAPPEARING, PRODUCTION AND QUALITY BACK TO NORMAL! NO MORE ANGER OR FRUSTRATION! YET, HE'S ON NOTHING BUT QUIZ SHOWS... AND EVERYBODY WATCHES HIM!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

AND AS TIME PASSED, MISTER EVRIMAN BECAME THE HERO OF THE VIEWING MILLIONS. HIS NAME WAS ON EVERY TONGUE. THE NEWSPAPERS WERE FILLED WITH HIS LATEST BIG WINNINGS. HE STUMPED ALL THE EXPERTS. WON ALL THE PRIZES...

...AND MR. EVRIMAN HAS INFORMED ME THAT TONIGHT WILL BE HIS LAST APPEARANCE ON THE AIR. NOW, HOMER, YOUR TIME IS UP! WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO THE BIGGEST JACKPOT QUESTION IN HISTORY?

I'VE GOT TO SEE THIS HOMER EVRIMAN...

JACK HURRIED TO THE STATION. AS HE ENTERED HE SAW MR. EVRIMAN LEAVING THE STUDIO...

MR. EVRIMAN JUST A MOMENT PLEASE!

IT WAS AS THOUGH THE FIGURE BEFORE HIM DISSOLVED INTO THIN AIR. ONE MOMENT HE SAW IT. THE NEXT... IT WAS GONE AND THE HALL WAS EMPTY...

HE... HE DISAPPEARED RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES!

HEY, FELLOW, DID YOU SEE WHERE HOMER EVRIMAN WENT?

N-NO, I...

ALWAYS THE SAME! THE GUY WINS THE BIGGEST JACKPOT IN HISTORY AND VANISHES. NO ONE KNOWS WHERE HE CAME FROM, WHERE HE LIVES OR WHERE HE GOES!

MR. EVRIMAN WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN! IT WAS AS THOUGH THE EARTH, OR THE SKY, OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED HIM! JACK WENT BACK TO HIS CHARTS. HIS DATA, SEEKING AN ANSWER! AND WEEKS LATER, HE FOUND IT...

EVERYONE DESCRIBED HIM DIFFERENTLY... EACH PERSON DESCRIBED HIM AS THE IMAGE OF HIMSELF. HOMER EVRIMAN WASN'T A MAN AT ALL. HE WASN'T EVEN HUMAN. HE WAS REAL TO EVERYONE WHO SAW HIM, YET HE WASN'T REAL.

IT WAS THE ONLY ANSWER POSSIBLE! MR. EVRIMAN WAS AN IMAGE CREATED BY THE NEED OF MILLIONS OF VIEWERS, A MASS-MADE IMAGE THAT WAS A THOUGHT REFLECTION OF EACH INDIVIDUAL! HE WAS THE PERSON WHO SAW HIM ON THE AIR, AN ORDINARY MAN LIKE THEMSELVES, STUMPING THE EXPERTS, RELIEVING THEIR PSYCHIC NEED...

A MANIFESTATION OF THE UNMEASURED POWER OF THE COLLECTIVE HUMAN MIND! MR. EVRIMAN... MR. EVERYMAN!

END

THE FROZEN FRIGIDGARTUS

Ever hear of the Frozen Frigidgartus? Perhaps you read something in the newspapers about large animals that were reported roaming around the frozen north? Or you may recall an item several years ago about a prehistoric monster that was found intact in the Siberian ice lands?

I was face to face with the Frozen Frigidgartus. Not one of them but ten! You can find the official report of what happened if you want to get the government document on it. But let me tell how I got involved in it.

My name is Irwin Deroy. That ought to strike a familiar bell in your memory if you happen to read the Mens' Magazines. I write the big hunting articles. Sure, I've hunted big game all over the world. From Africa to India and from the jungles of Brazil to Northern Europe I have left my calling card. When men talking about guns and hunting mention the Monster — they speak my name.

I was in my Malibu home when my valet announced I had a visitor. A Dr. Herbert Shaftan. He wasn't unexpected because a mutual friend had called me on the phone the day before.

"This fellow is the government expert on Northern Affairs in Canada. Wants to see you. So do me a favor. He won't tell me what it is all about."

That's how I came to meet Dr. Herbert Shaftan. A middle-aged man, but well-built. His jet black hair was just starting to turn a bit gray. He was definitely the outdoor type. We sat together in my gun room. There on display were the heads of the animals I have shot plus my vast collection of rifles and revolvers.

"You have hunted every kind of animal in the world?" he sort of questioned me.

"Limit it to every kind of animal that is alive today. Alas, the prehistoric animals of yesterday no longer roam the world. It certainly would be an adventure to come up against one of them."

"That's just why I came to see you," he snopped back at me. "There is a prehistoric monster still alive. Not one of them but several.

I have called it the Frozen Frigidgartus. We got our first reports about it from an Eskimo chief by the name of Shimuku. Just sounded like one of those tales you make up when your imagination plays good tricks on you. I went with him and saw the footprints. Then we tracked three of them. They are completely white and blend in with the snow. Take a look at the pictures I brought back with me."

From his inside coat pocket he took four pictures. The animals reminded you of misshapen elephants. How tall? That was something I wanted to know.

"About two hundred feet," was the unexpected reply.

It could all have been a gag. The pictures could have easily been faked. Little toy creatures made by hand. Then placed upon common table salt. They do this in table-top photography. He was smart enough to know what was going through my mind.

"You can examine my credentials from the government," he said. "I am authorized to ask you to come with me and help us get at least one of them back to civilization. Dead or alive. You may bring an assistant with you. I have letters of credit so I will pay the bills. You are reputed to be a wealthy man. If you want to be paid, you can name your own amount."

I didn't want any poy. I checked his credentials. They were a.k. But just as a safety factor I insisted we visit the Canadian consulate. The top man greeted Dr. Herbert Shaftan like a lost friend.

"I assume you are in California to contact our famous hunter to help you in that confidential matter up north?"

That was enough for me. Next stop was to see Bill Whetherington. Bill is the fellow who makes those big guns. He had always wanted to go hunting with me.

"Can you take a month off and ask no questions?" I said to him.

"I can leave right now. What do we want in guns?"

What I told him almost floored him. Some-

thing entirely different.

"Mount a .50 caliber machine gun barrel for me on a special stock. We are going to use explosive bullets as well as the regular ones. Then from army surplus pick up an anti-tank gun."

By the expression on my face he could tell I wasn't kidding. He had enough sense to come to a sound conclusion.

"This must be something really big."

It took us three days to get things together. We flew in a specially-chartered plane to Montreal. Then a government plane picked us up and flew us across miles and miles of barren ice. The pilot landed us at an Eskimo village. All ice huts and you couldn't spot them one hundred feet up in the air. The eskimos were all dressed in fur suits, and they had spears. Like a picture of yesterday, but in contrast was our modern plane and also a snowmobile that was parked near one of the ice huts. Chief Shimuku greeted us in perfect English.

"I am very glad to meet you Mr. Deroy and Mr. Whetherington. You all will rest here and tomorrow morning the four of us leave in the snowmobile."

The pilot of the plane remained behind. He would be able to contact us by radio. In case of an accident or emergency he would fly and spot us. Then send out a relief party if necessary. The next morning we left in the snowmobile. The cabin was comfortable and warm. We averaged about one hundred and fifty miles a day. At the end of six days we were at our destination.

"This is much more efficient than the old-fashioned dog sled," commented the chief. "At the end of a run the dogs are tired, but this invention is never tired. Needs no rest. Just plenty of fuel."

It was an intelligent observation made by an intelligent man. We all got out of the snowmobile. Then we walked a short distance. Before us was a great opening.

"There had been a slight tremor," explained Dr. Herbert Shaftan. "The earth opened. Millions of years ago those gigantic beasts were trapped beneath in a snow drift. They were preserved from decay by the extreme cold. My own guess is that some kind of suspended animation set in. Then came this slight tremor and the earth opened. As cold as it was outside, by comparison it was much warmer. That must have started the blood to circulate, and the animals came out of their state of suspended animation."

Suddenly I heard a chilling roar. Standing about another two hundred yards from us were those gigantic monsters from the past. Of course I was scared, and so was Bill Whetherington. I took my special .50 caliber rifle and aimed carefully. I fired once. Twice. Until I

had emptied the clip. Seven shots in all. Three were explosive bullets and the rest regular. Now what happened? They bounced off the skins of the animals. I figured the extreme years of coldness must have tightened and hardened the skin.

"Give me the anti-tank gun, Bill," I shouted. "It will blast them to pieces."

I fired three of those shells. They blew up when they hit the creature nearest to me. But not a dent or a mark. The animals came slowly towards us. I had to do some quick thinking. They could trample us to death.

"Get into the snowmobile," I yelled. "Turn on the lights. That ought to dazzle them. Then we'll head back towards the Eskimo village. We need different weapons."

There were ten of those creatures. Maybe as we swung our lights they sort of got hypnotized. We had lights on the back of the snowmobile. We went slowly. They were following us at the same pace!

"I think they are going with us back to the village," figured out Chief Shimuku.

And what was Dr. Herbert Shaftan doing? He had a movie camera and was taking pictures. We contacted the plane and told them we were coming back. Twice we stopped. The plane dropped fuel for us. And then we stopped. Something bothered me.

"We have eaten but they haven't had any food. How do they exist?"

"A stored supply of fat and other minerals," guessed Dr. Herbert Shaftan. "But there may be many other explanations."

When we came to the Eskimo village we made a quick decision. We would head south into the warmer lands. We radioed ahead for more help to meet us at a place called Summerspoint. We were about fifty miles from it when Bill noticed something.

"The animals have stopped. Something must be wrong."

We made radio contact again. Within two hours special armed men with heavy artillery came to join us. They swore in written statements what they saw. Ten of those creatures standing side by side, and melting down! They were getting smaller and smaller! Just melting away to nothingness. In four hours they just vanished. Dr. Herbert Shaftan later expounded a theory that sounded sensible.

"The extreme cold kept them together. Maybe they never were alive. They moved because of reactions. Actually they were dead and decayed, and the comparative heat did the rest. If you can figure out a better explanation, go ahead."

So leave it at that. I can show you the films but alas, no head of a Frozen Frigidartus.

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

COME, TRAVEL WITH ME TO GREECE, THAT LAND OF ANCIENT CULTURE AND PHILOSOPHY, TO THE BLACK, WILD HILLS OF GREECE AND THE TINY VILLAGE OF DERNIANI. LISTEN NOW TO THE STRANGE TALE OF...

THE OLD FOOL



52561

IT IS THE SAB-
BATH WHEN ALL
MEN REST. LET
US INVISIBLY
JOIN THEM
AND EAVES-
DROP UPON
THEIR CON-
VERSATION...

EVERY
MORNING
THE OLD
MAN LEAVES
THE VILLAGE!
EVERY
EVENING
HE RE-
TURNS!

EVEN MY
FATHER RE-
MEMBERS
HIM; NO ONE
REMEMBERS
HIM ANY YOUNG-
ER THAN HE IS
NOW AND NO
ONE HAS EVER
HEARD HIM
SPEAK!

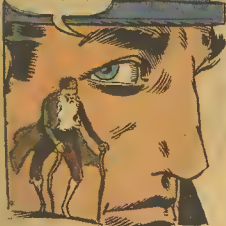
HE HAS NO KIN.
THE CHILDREN
MAKE FUN OF
HIM--HE IS
USELESS. HE
SHOULD BE
PUT AWAY IN
SOME INSTITUTION
WHICH TAKES
CARE OF SUCH
AS HE! HIS
BRAIN IS AS DEAD
AS HIS SPEECH
AND BODY!

I AGREE!
SCRATCHING A
LIVING FROM
THESE HILLS IS
DIFFICULT! WE
CANNOT AFFORD
ONE LIKE THIS
OLD FOOL WHO
DOES NOTHING!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

USELESS, OLD, UNABLE TO SPEAK, NO ONE IN THE VILLAGE KNEW WHEN HE HAD COME OR WHERE HE'D COME FROM! HE HAD NO NAME OTHER THAN "THE OLD FOOL".



HE IS HARMLESS, POOR OLD MAN! LET HIM ALONE!



I AGREE WITH MELPO! HE BOTHERS NO ONE!

I AGREE TOO! IT IS NOT NICE TO BE LOCKED UP IN AN INSTITUTION! LET THE HARMLESS OLD IDIOT ALONE!

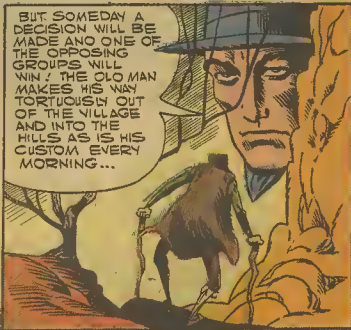


I DO NOT AGREE! HE SHOULD BE PUT AWAY!

TWO OPPOSING GROUPS IN THE VILLAGE! ONE GROUP WOULD LEAVE HIM BE, AND THE OTHER WOULD PUT HIM AWAY! BUT THE OLD MAN WAS NOT CONSCIOUS OF THIS...



BUT SOMEDAY A DECISION WILL BE MADE AND ONE OF THE OPPOSING GROUPS WILL WIN! THE OLD MAN MAKES HIS WAY TORTUOUSLY OUT OF THE VILLAGE AND INTO THE HILLS AS IS HIS CUSTOM EVERY MORNING...



HE CLIMBS, HE CRAWLS, HIS HANDS VEINED TALONS GRASPING AND PULLING THE OLD FRAME UPWARD...



FINALLY HE HAS REACHED HIS OBJECTIVE, A HIGH KNOLL IN THE HILLS! BELOW, SCARCELY SEEN, IS THE VILLAGE WITH ITS MEAGRE FARMS AND OLIVE TREES! FOR A MOMENT HE BOWS HIS HEAD, SHAKEN BY THE CLIMB...



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

HE SITS MOTIONLESS, THE QUIET SERENITY OF THE HILLS AND THE WOODS FLOWING OVER HIM, JOINING WITH HIS OWN BEING, FORMING A STRANGE TRYST...



HE LIFTS HIS HEAD! HIS BODY PULSES WITH A STRANGE, INNER STRENGTH! HIS EYES ARE NO LONGER WITHOUT FOCUS, THEY PIERCE AND BLAZE WITH PURPOSE...



AN AURA OF UNIQUE POWER EMANATES FROM HIM! HE WHO HEARD NOTHING, NOW HEARS ALL THINGS! HE WHO NEVER SPOKE NOW CAN SPEAK IN ALL TONGUES! HE WHOSE EYES WERE AS BLIND NOW SEES BEYOND THE KEN OF MAN, FOR TIME AND SPACE HAVE BECOME AS NOTHING TO THE 'OLD FOOL'.



UNMOVING, HE SITS AND CONCENTRATES ON THE VILLAGE A MILE AWAY, SENDING OUT TENTACLES OF THOUGHT, OF SIGHT, OF HEARING...



AS THOUGH HE WERE STANDING THERE UPON THE SPOT, HE SEES A FIRE START IN A CELLAR ... A FIRE THAT WILL SWEEP THROUGH THE SUMMER CRYNNES OF THE VILLAGE AND DESTROY IT...

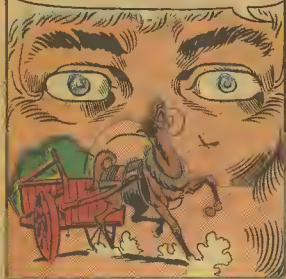


AND THE TENTACLE BECAME A THING OF POWER THAT DREW MOISTURE FROM THE AIR AND LIKE A HUGE, NEBULOUS HAND QUENCHED THE STARTING BLAZE...



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

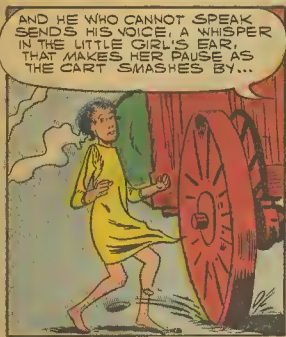
HE SEES TASSOS' CART HORSE BECOME FRIGHTENED BY A LOW-FLYING BIRD AND BOLT...



HE SEES THE LITTLE GIRL, PLAYING, AND ABOUT TO RUN OUT INTO THE STREET DOWN WHICH THE WILD-EYED HORSE WILL PLUNGE, AND BE KILLED BY THE HEAVY CART WHEELS!



AND HE WHO CANNOT SPEAK SENDS HIS VOICE, A WHISPER IN THE LITTLE GIRL'S EAR, THAT MAKES HER PAUSE AS THE CART SMASHES BY...



THE HORSE SUDDENLY STOPS AND QUIETS AS THOUGH UNSEEN HANDS HAD GRASPED THE BRIDLE AND STROKED AWAY ITS FEARS.



AND SO, THROUGHOUT THE DAY, HE WATCHES OVER THE LITTLE TOWN UNTIL DARKNESS FUNGS ITS BLACK VELVET BLANKET OVER THE HILLS. THEN, HIS HEAD LOWERS, HE SINKS WITHIN HIMSELF, THE PULSING POWER DRAWS OUT OF HIS BODY LIKE A SHAWL...



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EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2"!!

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| 4 Cruisers | 8 Officers | 8 Cannon |
| 4 Sailors | 8 Waves | 8 Bozopokamen |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Wacs | 4 Marksmen |

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Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

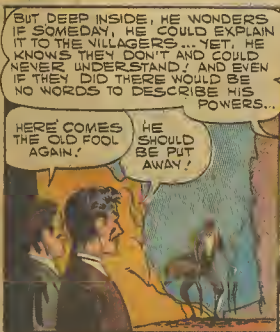
SLOWLY HE LEAVES THE HILLS AND MOVES TOWARD THE VILLAGE, HIS BODY TREMBLING, HIS EYES UNFOCUSED, 'THE OLD FOOL' AGAIN...



FOR THE TREMENDOUS CONCENTRATION HE MUST CALL UPON TO HOLD AND KEEP HIS UNIQUE POWERS IN CHECK ROBS HIM OF SPEECH, OF ALL BUT SUPERFICIAL SIGHT, OF YOUTH AND HEARING...



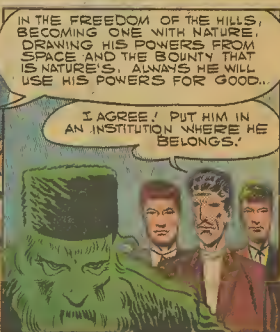
BUT DEEP INSIDE, HE WONDERS IF SOMEDAY, HE COULD EXPLAIN IT TO THE VILLAGERS... YET, HE KNOWS THEY DON'T AND COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND, AND EVEN IF THEY DID THERE WOULD BE NO WORDS TO DESCRIBE HIS POWERS...



HERE COMES THE OLD FOOL AGAIN!

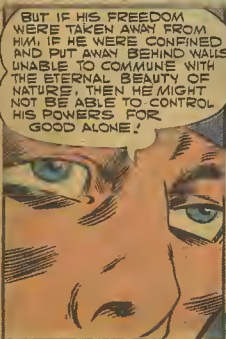
HE SHOULD BE PUT AWAY!

IN THE FREEDOM OF THE HILLS, BECOMING ONE WITH NATURE, DRAWING HIS POWERS FROM SPACE AND THE BOUNTY THAT IS NATURE'S, ALWAYS HE WILL USE HIS POWERS FOR GOOD...



I AGREE! PUT HIM IN AN INSTITUTION WHERE HE BELONGS!

BUT IF HIS FREEDOM WERE TAKEN AWAY FROM HIM, IF HE WERE CONFINED AND PUT AWAY BEHIND WALLS, UNABLE TO COMMUNE WITH THE ETERNAL BEAUTY OF NATURE, THEN HE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS POWERS FOR GOOD ALONE!

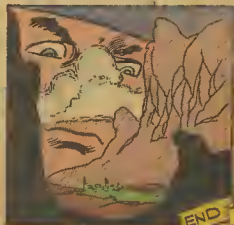


LET THE POOR OLD FOOL ALONE!

YES! HE IS HARMLESS!



TWO OPPOSING GROUPS WITHIN THE VILLAGE OF DER-NIANI! ONE WOULD PUT THE OLD FOOL AWAY, ONE WOULD LET HIM ALONE TO GO HIS 'HARMLESS' WAY! SOMEDAY ONE OF THOSE GROUPS WILL WIN... OR LOSE!



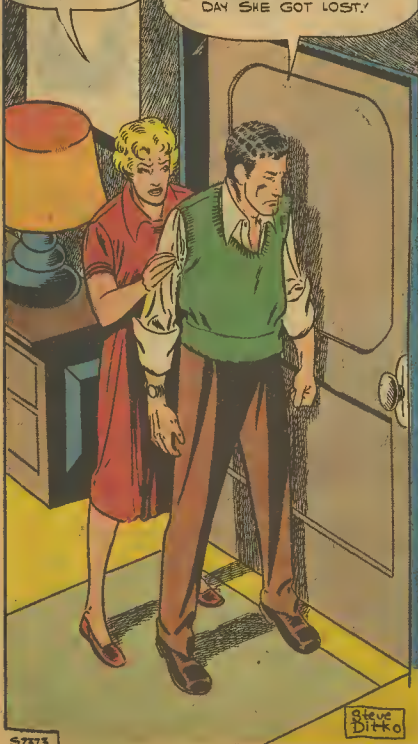
END

LITTLE GIRL

LOST

JOE! PLEASE, JOE! FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, GET AWAY FROM THE DOOR OF HER ROOM!

I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING, MARTHA! JUST STANDING THERE, THAT'S ALL! JUST TRYING TO REMEMBER EXACTLY HOW EVERYTHING LOOKED IN THERE BEFORE I LOCKED IT UP... THE DAY SHE GOT LOST!



THE NEW BED WE'D JUST BOUGHT HER BECAUSE SHE'D OUTGROWN THE CRIB... THE LITTLE DRESSES HANGING IN THE CLOSET... THE PICTURE BOOKS STILL OPEN ON THE FLOOR!



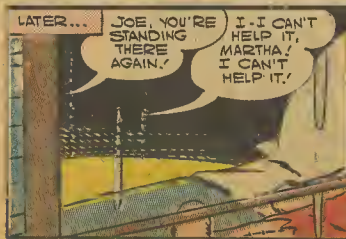
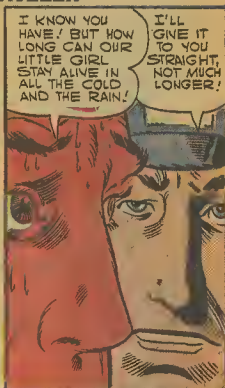
...AND HER RAGGEDY ANN DOLL!

OH, HOW ATTACHED SHE WAS TO THAT DOLL! HOW MANY TIMES I WANTED TO THROW IT OUT, BUT IT HAD BEEN HER FIRST DOLL, JOE, SHE WOULDN'T LET ME!

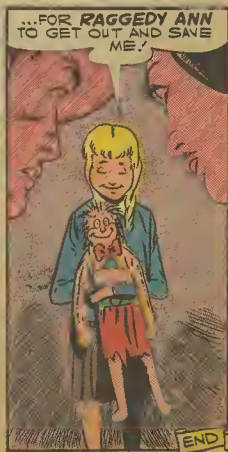


DO NOT DISTURB

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



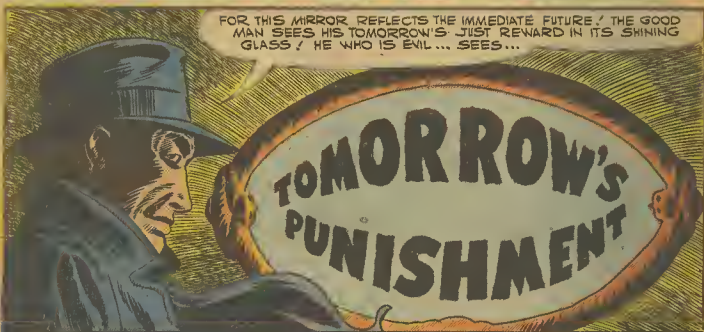
Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

COME -- COME STAND BESIDE THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER!
COME LOOK INTO THE MIRROR! BUT TAKE WARNING! WHAT
YOU SEE ... MAY NOT BE TO YOUR LIKING!



FOR THIS MIRROR REFLECTS THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE! THE GOOD
MAN SEES HIS TOMORROW'S JUST REWARD IN ITS SHINING
GLASS! HE WHO IS EVIL ... SEES...

**TOMORROW'S
PUNISHMENT**



MY FRIENDS HAVE TOLD ME OF HOW
SOME MEDIAEVAL SORCERER
FASHIONED ITS MAGIC GLASS...
BUT THAT IS OF NO IMPORTANCE
TO THE TALE I NOW TELL! MY TALE
STARTS WITH AN EXTRAORDINARILY
TALL MAN FURTIVELY ENTERING
AN OLD LONDON
CURIO SHOP...



WHEW -- THAT WAS CLOSE!
THAT COP ALMOST
SPOTTED ME!



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

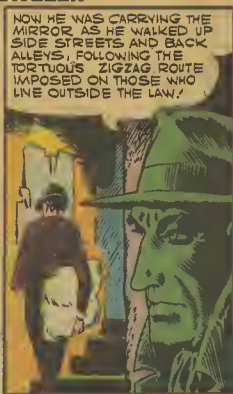


GASP!

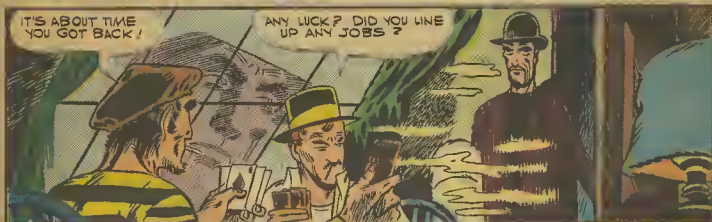


HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THAT?

FIVE POUNDS AND IT'S YOURS. IT'S BEEN DOING NOTHING BUT GATHERING DUST UP ON THAT SHELF FOR YEARS!



NOW HE WAS CARRYING THE MIRROR AS HE WALKED UP SIDE STREETS AND BACK ALLEYS, FOLLOWING THE TORTUOUS ZIGZAG ROUTE IMPOSED ON THOSE WHO LINE OUTSIDE THE LAW!



IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT BACK!

ANY LUCK? DID YOU LINE UP ANY JOBS?



YOU TWO STAY IN THE BACK ROOM FOR A WHILE! I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I NEED YOU!

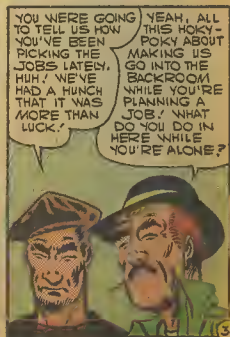
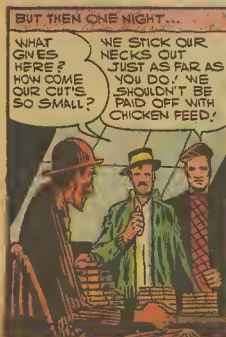
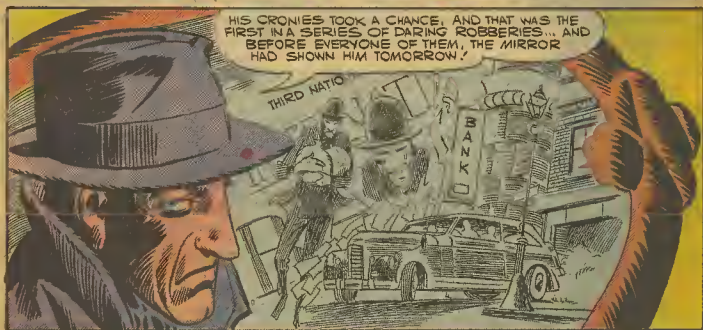


I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, BABY, BUT I KNOW YOU SHON TOMORROW! NOW I'M GOING TO THINK OF HEISTING ONE BANK AFTER ANOTHER TOMORROW... AND YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW ME WHICH ONE'S RIGHT FOR THE HAUL!



SO FAR, NO GOOD! SO FAR... WE'D GET NABBED EVERYTIME!

Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



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Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER



Tales of the MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER





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Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to hand to friends and relatives, to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own tiny, lively, miniature dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when

writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame **SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS** about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative **NOW** and pay the postman only 19c and a few cents for our c.o.d. plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the **COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES** with your picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand-colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others. I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your get-acquainted coupons to hand out. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-536, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

Mrs. Ruth Long (Gift Manager)
DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-536,
211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

I would like to receive the miniature dog. Please send me premium letter and 20 coupons to hand out. Enclosed please find my snapshot or negative for enlarging.

Color Eyes Color Hair

Name

Address

City State

THEY MAILED THIS COUPON!

... and look what I did for them!



"My arms increased 1 1/2", chest 3 1/4", fore-arm 1/2". —C.W., W.Va.



"Gained 2" in neck, 1 1/2" in biceps. Never felt better in my life." —J.S., Calif.



T.M., Atlas 1" up Winner. "I'm proud of the way you made me an Atlas Champion."



A.H., Kans.—Atlas Cup Winner.



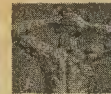
"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them." —D.P., Ind.



"When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170." —T.K., New York.



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you." —W.D., New York.



"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal), 2 1/2" expanded." —F.S. NY

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**My Secret Method Has Done Wonders For
Thousands—Let Me Show You What
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JUST MAIL the coupon below. Read my free book. And then give me 15 minutes a day. That's all I ask. I'll show how you can have the kind of body that your friends will admire. *There's no one if I fail!*

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body — watch it increase double-quick into solid **MUSCLE**.

"**Dynamic Tension**" is easy! Only 15 minutes a day in your own home. You can use "**Dynamic Tension**" almost unconsciously every minute — walking, bending over, etc. — to **BUILD MUSCLE AND VITALITY**. You'll be using the method which many great athletes use — fighters, wrestlers, baseball, football players, etc.

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Send me—absolutely **FREE**—a copy of your famous book, "Ever-
nigh"—32 pages, crammed with actual photo-
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better build. I understand this book is mine
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Send me this coupon below



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- (Check as many as you like)
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|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> More Weight—Solid | <input type="checkbox"/> Powerful Arms, |
| <input type="checkbox"/> —in the Right | <input type="checkbox"/> Legs, Ears |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flatter | <input type="checkbox"/> Slimmer Waist, Hips |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broader Chest, | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Sleep, |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shoulders | <input type="checkbox"/> More Energy |

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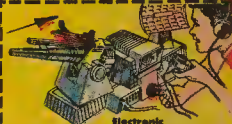
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